

## HEROES OF CONFEDERACY HONORED IN PENSACOLA

(Continued from First Page.)

better hands could be entrusted the joy of keeping green the memory of our dead than into the hands of those under whose auspices we are today assembled—the women of the south. Diplomats of all that is noble and constant, and beautiful and true, and they will forever be true to this trust. Veterans, you need have no fear of being forgotten when your race is run. This assemblage here today attests the love and honor we bear you, and those whom we love the most we cherish longest, and I say to you, while the sun and stars give light, while the kindling glories of the dawn succeed the darkness of the night—aye, as long as children come to prattle at their mother's knee, there to learn the story of their country, so long will the mother, thrilled by fealty to her homeland and transported by the grandeur of the theme, speaking with inspired lips, emblazon your fame in the amber of her eloquence.

### Bitterness Has Disappeared.

Forty years have passed since you fought your fight at which "all the world wondered," and with those years have gone most of the bitterness engendered by that strife, and today historians are beginning to write not with the pens inspired with passion, but dipped in the clear light of truth. Many, many decades must, however, elapse before the whole truth is universally known, and it is the duty of us here in the south to see to it that the record of the noble part her sons played in this greatest of the world's tragedies is transmitted from generation to generation, undimmed and untarnished.

In performing this duty we would not rake up the dying embers of bitterness and hate, nor strike a discordant note in the peace which prevails, for now, thank God, north as well as south, the fragrant blossoms of love grace every hill, where once the thorns of hate ran wild. The line between the north and the south once sharply defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, has now become but a vanishing shadow, and ere this generation is gray

## THE PUBLIC GENERALLY

is invited by the Ladies of Christ Church Guild to take lunch and supper at the

### Mother Goose Market

from 12 m. to 11 p. m. at No. 7 South Palafox St.

Saturday, April 29th

## DEWEY DAY PICNIC

Kufrian's Park,  
Monday, May 1st

Division No. 1,  
Ancient Order  
Hibernians.

### PROGRAMME.

One mile bicycle race, free to all; prize, pair of \$3 shoes.

Horse race—one mile pacing or trotting, 2 in 3; prize, fine set of harness.

Half mile running race, 2 in 3; prize, a fine bridle. These two prizes can be seen in Forbes window.

50-yard dash for Misses; prize a box candy.

100-yard dash for boys; prize, a fine neck tie.

Running jump; prize, pair of suspenders.

Prize dance for Ladies—Parasol.

Prize dance for Gentlemen—Straw Hat.

### ADMISSION:

ADULTS, 25 cents. CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS, FREE.

## Aches

of any kind, headache, toothache, earache, stomachache, backache, sideache, and all similar nerve disorders, are instantly soothed, and quickly relieved and cured, by that most dependable of all medicines for the relief of pain,

## HAMLINS WIZARD OIL

If you have ever experienced its gentle, quieting influence, on an aching, throbbing head, tooth, or other nerve, you will never be without it in the house.

"I had been subject to sick headache for over 5 years," writes Mrs. A. C. Scharfer of Great Bend, Kan. "I used one bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil, and have not had a headache since."

And C. Dieckman, of 193 Hendricks St., Detroit, Mich., writes: "I have always found relief from earache by using Hamlin's Wizard Oil." Price 50c and \$1.00.

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now gone dry, and weeds choked the garden path. The very face of nature seemed changed. Not so those who, with eager eyes ran to meet him, a mother, a wife, a sister. They were all the same. Not with reproach or upbraiding, but with a smile on their lips, though their hearts were breaking. During those long years theirs had been the hardest part, the trying uncertainty, the awful suspense the horrible anxiety. Alone perhaps with but a faithful slave, they who had been accustomed to luxury were reduced to absolute want, but still no murmur of complaint escaped them. Their example had been an inspiration to those at the front more potent than any other, and now that the war was over they nursed back to health those who had fought their battles, sustained their waning courage, jesting lightly at the hardships they themselves had endured and together with their brave comrades the generous soil to yield them its fruits, and prepared to enjoy the blessings of peace. Did I say peace? No, not yet. The war between the confederacy and the United States was over, but a struggle was destined to be waged more bitter than that of shell and bayonet, in which there could be no surrender, for defeat meant degradation and disgrace.

No Place for the Bloody Shirt.  
I do not propose to wave the bloody shirt. It has no place in this generation, if it ever had, and so I will dismiss with a word the black rell of ignorance and corruption which followed on the heels of the war.

The south cherished no bitterness for the four years that tore her vitals and robbed her of the flower of her youth. The bravest enemies are always the greatest friends after the fight is over. But we cannot forget the fruits of that mighty conflict, the reconstruction. We find no justification for it in history or in principle. It was dictated by hate and ignorance and maintained by force, and it did more harm to the south than would a dozen years of war.

Problems of the Present.  
The war and reconstruction have gone, but the present is as pregnant with momentous problems clamoring for solution as was the historic past. We of this generation must needs solve them and solve them rightly, for upon their wise solution depends the future happiness and greatness of the south.

To meet the issues of the hour we need a mighty stimulus, and this we find in that most precious heritage that can be bequeathed to a people—the record of their illustrious dead. The story of great obstacles which they heroically overcame, of overpowering odds which they bravely faced, of tremendous sacrifices which they stoically endured, are sources of inspiration to succeeding ages which will never fail, and from which we must draw freely to meet our responsibilities fully.

In speaking of this subject, Henry Grady said, "The future holds a problem in solving which the south must stand alone; in dealing with which she must, come closer together than ambition or despair have driven her, and on the outcome of which her very existence depends. This problem is to carry within her body politic two separate races, nearly equal in numbers. She must carry the races in peace—for discord means ruin. She must carry them separately—for assimilation means debasement. She must carry them in equal justice—for to this she is pledged in honor and gratitude. She must carry them even unto the end, for in human probability she will never be quit of either." In these words we have represented the full duty of the south towards this dependent people, and also the magnitude of the task with which we are confronted.

The problem is plain—what is the solution?  
I believe, my fellow citizens, that it lies in education—education of heart as well as of hand and brain, of the white masses as well as the black multitudes.

The vast stride which the south has taken in manufacturing, mining and other industrial pursuits can in a large measure be traced to the spread of technical knowledge among the young men of this land. Technical schools now flourish in all of the southern states, while formerly, to pursue aught but professional studies was considered beneath the southern gentleman. To labor with the hands was

the badge of servitude, and even the poorest classes did all they could to avoid such labor, for it was regarded as the work of a slave. The war has changed all of this by wiping out of existence the institution of slavery, and thus causing those whom slave labor had maintained in luxury and idleness to depend upon their own efforts for support. Today our young men are learning to mine and manufacture the material wealth of this section, to weave and spin the fleecy staple which is the south's richest product, to design and build the intricate machinery and appliances necessary for the successful prosecution of the vast industries of this century.

### A Plea for Education.

But the education of the negro has not kept pace with that of his white neighbor. Today in many parts of the south the same primitive methods of agriculture are in vogue which were used almost a century ago. Parts of this land, once the most fertile on the globe are fast becoming impoverished and being overgrown with weeds and clump pines, owing to the lack of scientific methods of cultivation. This is due to the ignorance of the negro, who is now as of yore the chief worker in our fields. To remedy this we should have more agricultural and mechanical schools in which the negro will be taught improved methods of farming and the useful manual trades and occupations. There are several schools to-day doing good work but more are badly needed? The chief objection urged against this plan is that of expense, but this, however, is a fallacious objection. Nothing is so cheap as education, cost what it may, and nothing is so dear as ignorance. No matter what amount we of the south might expend on the industrial education of the negro, we will be repaid thirty, fifty, yes, one hundred fold, by his increased efficiency as a laborer. Formerly it was deemed essential for internal peace and social security to make ignorance the primal condition of the slave, and as a result, the primal law of labor. The war proved the folly of such a course, and also showed that no greater curse can be inflicted upon any people than that of being compelled to keep as their chief laborers persons whom for any cause it cannot be both wise and safe to educate. Therefore, educate the negro along agricultural and industrial lines. Fill his mind with a knowledge of modern methods, and he will make for ourselves the finest peasantry the world has ever known.

But it is not enough to educate the negro. We must educate the great masses of ignorant whites with whom the negro comes into closest contact, for it is between this class and the negro that friction most often occurs. We must make this element understand that we owe the negro exact justice and undying friendship, and cause them to see the reasons for it. During the long years of war no black man ever proved false to the trust reposed in him. He guarded the defenseless women and children of the absent master, fighting against his freedom. He sowed and reaped, and fed the armies seeking to keep the shackles on his wrist. At any time a thousand torches would have ended the war, and yet not one brand was kindled. In these latter days in the heat of passion, when we cry out that the negro is the curse of the south, the debt of gratitude we owe him should not be forgotten.

Our duty is plain. We must do all in our power to educate, uplift, elevate, protect and advance the negro. If his capabilities prove sufficient and he becomes then an intelligent laborer, the country will reap the benefit. If he prove insufficient, we shall have demonstrated that fact, and someone else must take his place. But we will not have discharged the duty which God in his inscrutable wisdom, through the medium of war, has placed in our hands, until we, measuring unto the negro as we would have him measure unto us, have made every effort to lift him from his ignorance and degradation.

If we fail, we can then look civilization boldly in the face. If we succeed, this greatest of the world's miracles, through the mercy of God accomplished, will, beyond all acts of heroism, beyond all flights of oratory, excite the wonder and admiration of ages.

"I Am an American."  
Today there is no north, no south. Sectional lines have been wiped out, and now this country presents the glorious spectacle of a people reconciled, united, harmonious, loving, from the lakes to the Gulf, the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill; our proudest boast, "I am an American," one heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag, from sea to sea.

Return of the Battle Flags.  
Nothing better portrays this universal love and affection than the return by the War Department to the various southern states of the battle flags belonging to their regiments. But a few short days ago, I stood within the

walls of the capitol on the old red hills of Leon, the heart of Florida, from which the arteries of war were fed, and gazed upon those sacred emblems of the lost cause. And as I looked at them ribboned and torn by grape and canister, and stained with blood and smoke and battle grime, inscribed with the never dying names of Shiloh, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg and Gold Harbor, a wave of sentiment swept over me and rent asunder the veil which hid me and the immortal bygone. I seemed to see the imperishable forms of Anderson and Miller, Perry and Pinlay and Brevard, and the host of other brave Floridians who followed them, carrying the flags of Florida to the van in the bloodiest battles ever known to man, and as I gazed I wondered if these sentiments were also entertained by those who passed and repassed those battle-scarred memorials. The answer came quick and apt. Almost at that time a resolution was introduced in the senate, providing that both houses should join in celebrating with appropriate exercises the return of these flags, and on next Tuesday the representatives of the people of Florida, many of whom were yet unborn when the thunders of war reverberated through the land will assemble in Tallahassee with uncovered heads to render abasement to those folds for which their fathers fought.

Life's Victors.  
And so it will ever be. As the Spartans and with pride at their dead who fell at Thermopylae, so not only we of the south, but all who speak the language of the living, will hold in memory's fond embrace those who fell at our Thermopylae. Defeated bodily, conquered as a nation, we are still the victors, for the memory of our dead shall dwell in the hearts of our people until time shall be no more.

Speak, History. Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say, is it those whom the world calls the victors? That win the successes of the day? The martyrs, or Nero, the Spartans, Or the Persians and Xerxes, his judges, Or Socrates, Pilot or Christ?

Best Cough Medicine for Children.  
When you buy a cough medicine for small children you want one in which you can place implicit confidence. You want one that is unquestionably harmless. You want one that is pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all of these conditions. There is nothing so good for the coughs and colds incident to childhood. For sale by all druggists.

TO THE CARPENTERS AND PAINTERS.  
We, the contractors of Pensacola, renew our tender of increase of wages by the hour as formerly published:

\$1.00 men ..... 12c per hour  
\$1.25 men ..... 14c per hour  
\$1.50 men ..... 18c per hour  
\$1.75 men ..... 22c per hour  
\$2.00 men ..... 24c per hour  
\$2.25 men ..... 28c per hour  
\$2.50 men ..... 30c per hour  
\$2.75 men ..... 32c per hour  
\$3.00 men ..... 36c per hour  
\$3.25 men ..... 38c per hour  
\$3.50 men ..... 40c per hour

After mature deliberation we are of the unanimous opinion that it is inadvisable to decrease the hours of labor at this season of the year. Working for the present not less than nine (9) hours per day.

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For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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With a back constantly aching, With distressing urinary disorders, Daily existence is but a struggle. No need to keep it up. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you. Pensacola people endorse this claim.

Anthony Collins, of 420 Intendencia St., says: "Mrs. Collins read an advertisement about Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box at Sidney Kahn's drug store, No. 9 South Palafox street. She suffered at times from aching in her joints and across her back after working hard about the house. She used less than one box of Doan's Kidney Pills and they did her much good. I have heard these pills spoken of highly by different people who have tried them, and all consider them a remedy which fulfills the representations made for them."

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and strengthening to both the hair and scalp that even a 25c. bottle of it is often enough to show wonderful improvements. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout out all over the scalp, and grow abundantly, long and beautiful. Use it every day for awhile, after which two or three times a week will be enough to complete whatever growth you desire.

NOW at all druggists, in three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle.

FREE. To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to any one who sends this advertisement to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and ten cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.



## This is the Feed for Genuine Profit

Every ounce of it is money to the feeder—solid dollars in health and work. No other feed has so much in its favor. It is palatable, digestible and wholesome. Good for foals and brood mares, as well as for roadsters and heavy haulers. A few sacks will not cost much, and as they would lead to a very considerable saving in feed bills, a trial is fully warranted. Our guarantee is back of it.

What Makes the Mare Go?

An interesting booklet telling of things not usually known, and published for the benefit of feeders generally. It may be had for the asking.

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